

Things happen... You need help... and the Man with
the Badge is there

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

LN JUNE



AFTER DARK

COME ONE STEP
CLOSER...
AND IT'LL BE
YOUR **LAST**!!

10¢
No. 7



ALL NEW
THRILLING STORIES
Featuring
The FRAME-UP



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Ken Grimm BEFORE
mailing coupon

In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful

**SKINNY
SHRIMP**
to this

**NEW
MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED**

HEAD-TO-TOE

HE-MAN!

Ken
GRIMM
AFTER
MAILING
COUPON

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the Coupon
below as I did!

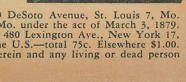
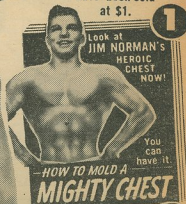
May be **LAST
CHANCE** be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

GET ALL THESE
5 PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES

FREE

If you mail
coupon NOW!

Millions
have been sold
at \$1.



I just

**GAINED
35 NEW LBS.**
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!

You can do the same
as I and **THOUSANDS** have
You can add 10 inches to your **CHEST**
6 inches to each **ARM** and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting **ALL 5 Courses** (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS
HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
you'll **ALSO** get **FREE** a big **BOOK** of **PHOTOS** of **STRONG MEN**
and **BOYS** who were **WEAKLINGS** like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. SN-53

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jewett Courses
granted in
World for
Building
All-around
HEMEN"
—E. C. Kellner
Physical
Director

JEWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jewett's Photo Book of
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Mighty Arm; 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip; 4. How to Build a
Mighty Back; 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
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FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

HOW YOU

**CAN WIN
A BIG 15" TALL
SILVER CUP**
as I just did
and how to

WIN \$100.



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*This is the city...a big city
People work here--live here--and die here!
Sometimes they die before their time--that's when
I come into the picture.
Who am I? I'm a cop. Detective Sergeant Mark Robison.
The case I'm about to tell you about started out as a
black mark against the department--
A black mark I had to erase because it had all the
aspects of something they call...*



FRAME-UP



IT WAS WEDNESDAY, 3:16. WE WERE WORKING THE NIGHT WATCH OUT OF ROBBERY. MY PARTNER, PAT FOLD, AND MYSELF, HAD JUST REPORTED FOR DUTY...

THEY'RE BRINGING IN THE ROOKIE COP, MARK. YOU KNOW, THE KID THAT WAS IN ON THAT SHOOTING SCRAPE. THE CHIEF WON'T BE EASY ON HIM!



NOBODY NOTICED US AS WE SLIPPED INTO THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. ALL EYES WERE ON THE ROOKIE COP AND THE DEADLY PALE EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE...

BUT YOU ADMIT THE MAN WAS SHOT WITH YOUR GUN!
YES, SIR! BUT I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM! HE TOOK MY GUN AWAY FROM ME! I TOLD YOU HOW IT HAPPENED!



I HEARD YOUR STORY. YOU ANSWER A ROUTINE CALL FOR HELP AND A CITIZEN WINDS UP SHOT WITH YOUR GUN! THAT UNIFORM IS SUPPOSED TO HELP PEOPLE... NOT PUSH THEM AROUND! PENDING FURTHER INVESTIGATION, I'M SUSPENDING YOU!

Y-YES, SIR!

HE TOOK OFF HIS GUN AND CAREFULLY LAID IT ON THE DESK... THEN HIS BADGE... THEN HIS CREDENTIALS... AND IT WAS LIKE TEARING HIMSELF UP.



OF COURSE THERE'LL BE A REGULAR DEPARTMENTAL TRIAL! WE'LL CALL YOU! THAT'S ALL!

YES, SIR!

THE ROOKIE WAS BITING HARD ON HIS LOWER LIP TO KEEP IT FROM TREMBLING AND SOMETHING MADE ME TURN AND FOLLOW HIM...

TYSON! WAIT A MINUTE!

HUH? OH...HELLO, SERGEANT FABIAN!



DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, KID! YOU'LL GET A FAIR SHAKE AT THE TRIAL!

B-BUT I DIDN'T DO IT! I...I'M GLAD THE OLD MAN IS DEAD-- AND COULDN'T SEE THIS, MY FIRST SIX WEEKS ON THE FORCE AND-- AND-- HE WAS A COP FOR THIRTY YEARS--MY POP!

WHY DON'T WE SIT DOWN? YOU CAN TELL US ABOUT IT!



I'VE TOLD IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN... AND NOBODY SEEMS TO BELIEVE ME...!

WE WILL, KID! COME ON-- GIVE OUT!



"OKAY...I'M WALKING MY BEAT WHEN THIS GIRL COMES RUNNING UP TO ME. SAYS THERE'S A BIG FIGHT GOING ON IN HER HOUSE, A FIGHT THAT MIGHT LEAD TO MURDER! SO I HOT FOOT IT AFTER HER...

IT'S MY FATHER...AND MY HUSBAND! FATHER HAS A...A TERRIBLE TEMPER!



WHEN I GOT THERE, I SEE THE WHOLE FAMILY IS IN AN UPROAR. THE OLD MAN HAS EVIDENTLY BEEN FIGHTING WITH THE GIRL'S HUSBAND AND HE TURNS ON ME REAL MEAN...

GET OUT OF HERE!
WE DON'T NEED A COP TO SETTLE OUR FAMILY BUSINESS!

IT'S MORE THAN FAMILY BUSINESS WHEN YOU'RE DISTURBING THE NEIGHBORHOOD!



YOU HEARD ME... GET OUT OF HERE!

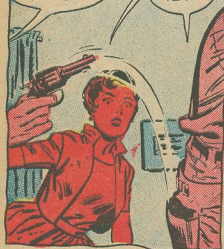
WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER! YOUR DAUGHTER CALLED ME IN HERE TO STOP A FIGHT!



WHY, YOU YOUNG PUNK... JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE A GUN...

OHH!

HEY!



GIVE ME THAT GUN, MISTER!

GET GOING... OR I'LL GIVE YOU BULLETS!

GIVE HIM BACK HIS GUN, FATHER!



THERE WAS NO REASONING WITH HIM. I RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE TO GET SOME HELP I HAD JUST ABOUT REACHED THE GATE WHEN...

A SHOT!



LENNY! HE'S HURT!

H-HELP... ME... TO THE... COUCH!

HERE'S YOUR GUN, OFFICER! IT ACCIDENTALLY WENT OFF!



YOU TRIED TO SHOOT HIM! YOU TRIED TO SHOOT LENNY!

SHUT UP!

ALL RIGHT.. GET MOVING!



YOU KNOW THE REST! THEY ALL CAME DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE SWEARING THAT I PUSHED THEM AROUND AND THEN SHOT THAT GUY!

OF COURSE, HE WAS SHOT WITH YOUR GUN... AND THAT'S NOT SO GOOD!

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME EITHER!

EASY, TYSON! I DO! PAT AND ME ARE GOING TO LOOK INTO IT!

5:43... PAT AND I LEFT TYSON AND WENT BACK TO THE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. WE LAID OUT OUR PLAN FOR HIM...

I LIKE THE KID, TOO, FABIAN! BUT I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE ON THE BASIS OF THE EVIDENCE THAT WAS PRESENTED BY THOSE PEOPLE!

THEN IT'S OKAY WITH YOU IF WE NOSE AROUND A LITTLE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT?

WE TOOK THE BOSS'S SILENCE FOR AN OKAY AND JUMPED INTO A SQUAD CAR. FIRST STOP... THE HOUSE WHERE THE TROUBLE STARTED... WE WEREN'T TOO WELCOME...

POLICE! WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

I DID ALL MY TALKING AT HEADQUARTERS! AND YOU CAN'T COME IN AND BULLY ME TO CHANGE MY MIND! NOW GET OUT! I DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE IN MY FAMILY SHOT UP!

HOW'S YOUR SON-IN-LAW? ANY OBJECTION TO TALKING TO HIM?

HE'S SLEEPING! AND HE NEEDS HIS REST!

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T SEND HIM TO THE HOSPITAL?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! GET OUT OF HERE! ANY TALKING I DO WILL BE TO THE COMMISSIONER!

LET'S GO, PAT!

WHY, FOR TWO FINS, I'D...

(SNIFF!) THERE IT IS AGAIN! SMELL, IT, PAT? I GOT A WHIFF OF IT WHEN WE GOT HERE!

I HAD A FAINT WHIFF OF IT WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE HOUSE, AND NOW IT WAS MUCH STRONGER. IT WAS A SMELL THAT STIRRED VAGUE MEMORIES!

YOU CAN'T HELP BUT SMELL IT, NOW! BUT I THINK IT'S COMING FROM THAT OPEN SEWER WHERE THOSE GUYS ARE WORKING!

LET'S GO OVER THERE!



BOY... HOW DO YOU STAND IT DOWN THERE? THAT'S SOME WHIFF...

YEAHH... IT'S NO FUN WORKING IN A SEWER. NO MATTER WHAT THAT GUY ON THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW SAYS!



IT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS MONTH THAT GOO HAS CLOGGED UP THE SEWERS AROUND HERE!

WHAT IS IT?



I DON'T KNOW! IT COULD BE ANYTHING, SERGEANT!

DO YOU MIND GIVING ME A SAMPLE OF IT?



A SAMPLE? YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE THING!

ARE YOU NUTS, MARK? WHAT DO...?



WHAT GOES?

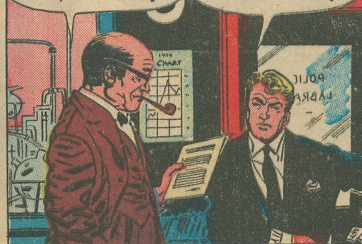
I GOT IDEAS ABOUT THIS STUFF AND I WANT THE CRIME LAB TO EXAMINE IT!



I IT WAS JUST A HUNCH... BUT SOMETIMES THEY PAY OFF! ONE HOUR LATER, THE CRIME LAB SENT FOR ME...

IT'S NOTHING BUT SOME MIXTURES THEY CALL "MASH," SERGEANT!

IT FIGURED! THE KIND THEY USE TO MAKE WHISKEY RIGHT? THANKS A LOT!



9:04... I DASHED BACK TO THE SQUAD ROOM WHERE PAT WAS WAITING FOR ME, AND TOLD HIM MY FINDINGS...



DON'T YOU GET IT, PAT? MASH... IT ADDS UP TO A STILL WHICH OUR UNFRIENDLY FRIEND HAS STASHED DOWN IN HIS BASEMENT!

THAT'S WHY HE GETS HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE EVERY TIME HE SEES THE LAW AROUND THE PLACE!

I SPILLED MY SUSPICIONS TO THE CHIEF WHO SAT THERE DIGESTING IT FOR A WHILE...

YOU MAY HAVE STUMBLED ON SOMETHING AT THAT! THE WATER DEPT. CLAIMS THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF JAM-UPS IN THE VICINITY! WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, MARK?



A STAKE-OUT! I WANT THAT HOUSE WATCHED DAY AND NIGHT! HE MAY EVEN MAKE HIS MOVE TONIGHT! NEVER CAN TELL WHAT NERVOUS PEOPLE WILL DO!



OKAY! IT'S YOUR BABY! GO TO IT! MAYBE THIS ROOKIE IS GETTING A RAW DEAL!

THANKS, CHIEF! I HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING REAL SOON!

11:25... AS SOON AS WE ESTABLISHED THE STAKE-OUT, I CONTACTED THE FEDERAL BOYS WHO WERE INTERESTED IN THE MATTER. I HAVEN'T LONG TO WAIT AFTER THAT.



THIS TRUCK MINUS LIGHTS JUST BACKED INTO THE PLACE, SERGEANT! I THINK YOU BETTER GET DOWN HERE FAST!



WE'RE ON OUR WAY!



WE REALLY PUSH THE CAR THROUGH THE NIGHT TRAFFIC AND MINUTES LATER WE WERE TALKING TO THE STAKE-OUTS...

THERE HE IS! LOOK! MORE BARRELS!

WE GOT 'EM, PAT! LET'S GO!

WE TOOK THEM BY SURPRISE, ALL RIGHT! THE FLASHLIGHT SHOWED NOTHING ELSE ON THEIR FACES...



ALL RIGHT, WYCOFF, TURN AROUND EASY!

THAT GOES FOR YOU GUYS, TOO!

YOU!



YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME!

DAD! DON'T!!

I WENT IN AFTER HIM, LEAVING PAT TO COVER THE OTHERS! I COULD STILL HEAR HIS DAUGHTER SCREAMING UP ABOVE...



IN ANSWER TO MY COMMAND, WYCOFF LET GO WITH A VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE



I WAS SUDDENLY AWARE OF SOMEONE ELSE NEAR ME. IT WAS PAT!



BUT WE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO DO ANYTHING ELSE! ONE OF THE BULLETS WYCOFF WAS FIRING SUDDENLY MADE CONTACT...



WE GOT OUT OF THERE, AND FAST! BUT WYCOFF DIDN'T! HIS DAUGHTER TOOK IT HARD... BUT SHE TALKED... ALONG WITH HER HUSBAND...



OF COURSE TYSON WAS VINDICATED AND IMMEDIATELY REINSTITATED. HE WAS PLENTY GRATEFUL TO US...



WYCOFF DIED IN HIS BLAZING HOUSE. AFTER THE TRIAL, HIS DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW WERE GIVEN SUSPENDED SENTENCES AS UNWILLING ACCOMPLICES!

**CASE
CLOSED**

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ORDER TODAY—Prompt Delivery

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304 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me _____ pkgs. of Towels at 12 for
\$1.00 I enclose \$_____

Name _____

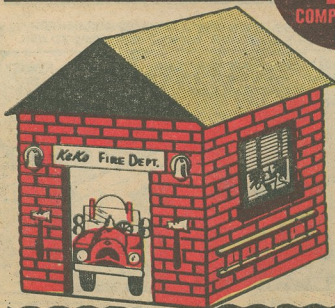
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BIG FIREHOUSE!**

**Large Enough to
Drive Right In!
2 Children Can Play In It**

**\$1
COMPLETE**



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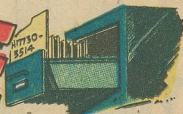
GIANT FIREHOUSE

Dept. 002, 33 Second Ave., New York 3, N. Y.



This is the city. I work here along with a few million other souls. It's a big town, undermined with endless mole-like burrows. We call 'em subways. From the first grey streaks of dawn, till the bleak early hours of the next day, the city moves with a million glowing lights. In between, the city has its short, restless sleep. But crime never sleeps. How do I know? Because I'm always on call. My name--Mark Fabiani, Detective Sergeant, working out of headquarters. I'm a cop.

The TUNNEL OF MENACE



FILE HIT30-3514 -- THE H STANDS FOR HOMICIDE, PREMEDITATED MURDER. I REMEMBER THE CASE AS IF IT HAD HAPPENED YESTERDAY. AS A MATTER OF FACT -- IT DID!

5:08 P.M. TUESDAY. MY PARTNER, PAT POLO AND I ARE ABOUT READY TO CALL IT A DAY. IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY AND I'VE GOT A HEADACHE. AND WHEN THE PHONE RINGS, IT'S LIKE SOMEONE HAMMERING ON MY SKULL WITH A GONG!



WANT ME TO TELL HIM TO FLY AWAY?

NO! WHEN YOUR BUSINESS IS FIGHTING CRIMINALS, YOU USE EVERY WEAPON AVAILABLE! A STOOL PIGEON IS A WEAPON! HAVE 'EM SEND 'CANARY' IN!



I DON'T LOOK UP WHEN 'CANARY' WALKS IN... I DON'T HAVE TO! PASTED ON HIS FACE IS THAT SAME SICKLY GRIN I'VE SEEN A DOZEN TIMES BEFORE...

ALL RIGHT, 'CANARY'-- YOU GOT SOMETHING TO SAY? SPILL IT!

SURE! YOU KNOW WHOSE SIDE I'M ON! I'D TELL YOU FOR NOTHIN', SERGEANT, BUT I AIN'T HAD A SQUARE FEED FOR A WEEK! I THOUGHT IF YOU COULD SPARE A FIN...



I GAVE HIM TWO BUCKS AND HE STARTS WHINING...

WELL... YOU'VE MADE YOUR TOUCH! NOW, IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SAY IT AND GET OUT!

YOU REMEMBER A BIG JEWELRY HEIST TEN YEARS AGO? A GUY NAMED GUS MULLER GOT SENT UP! HIM AN' ANOTHER GUY GOT 85 G'S WORTH OF ICE FROM WALLINGTON'S! WELL, MULLER DONE HIS TIME... HE GETS SPRUNG TOMORROW!



THAT'S NOT WHAT I BOUGHT! YOU'VE GOT GALL COMING HERE FOR A HANDOUT!

GOSH! GIMME A CHANCE TO FINISH! REMEMBER THE TWO YEAR STRETCH I DID? I GOT ALL THE INFO ON THAT WALLINGTON JEWELRY JOB THERE! I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW...



"WELL... A COR... A POLICE OFFICER, I MEAN, TURNS UP JUST AT THE WRONG TIME AND HE SEES WHAT'S GOING ON! ONE OF THE HEISTERS GRABS FOR THE TIN BOX FULL OF ICE, AND A CLERK SNATCHES THE HANDKERCHIEF OFF HIS FACE..."



"LIKE I SAYS, TWO GUYS STICK UP WALLINGTON'S AND THEM CLERKS DON'T ARGUE WITH A COUPLE OF '32'S LOOKIN' 'EM IN THE FACE!"



"THE OFFICER SEES RIGHT AWAY IT'S GUS MULLER. GUS KNOWS THEY'LL GRAB HIM QUICK! ANYHOW, THE TWO STICKUP ARTISTS CHARGE OUT OF WALLINGTON'S LIKE A COUPLE OF BULLS..."



THEY BREAK UP, MULLER GOIN'
ONE WAY WITH THE BOX, THE OTHER
BIRD IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION.
AND THE OFFICER, HE CAN'T
SHOOT ON ACCOUNT OF THE CROWD.



MULLER AND HIS PARTNER AR-
RANGED TO MEET IN OCEAN ISLE
AMUSEMENT PARK BUT THERE
WAS A CROWD BETWEEN 'EM. THE
PARTNER NEVER DID CATCH
UP WITH MULLER."



THAT'S THE PITCH, SERGEANT!
MULLER VANISHES FOR A
WHILE! NEXT TIME HIS PART-
NER SEES HIM, HE'S IN THE
HANDS OF THE LAW! BUT
HE DON'T HAVE NO TIN BOX!

I GET
THE PICTURE! MULLER DOES
HIS RAP IN FULL... FIGURES
HE'S PAID FOR THE ROCKS
WITH HIS TEN YEARS. WHAT
ABOUT HIS PARTNER,
"CANARY?"



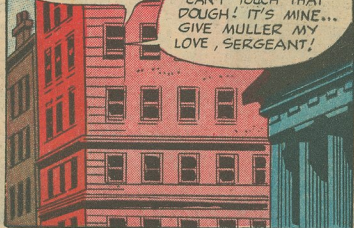
I GOT THIS FROM ONE OF THE BOYS IN STIR...
MULLER'S PAL WAS CALLED NORTON, OR
MORTON! HE WAS SCARED MULLER WOULD
TALK! HE WENT TO
'FRISCO--DIED THERE
BROKE IN
'51!

SO THE LOOT
WAS NEVER DIS-
COVERED, AND YOU FIGURE
MULLER WILL MAKE A
BEE-LINE FOR OCEAN
ISLE!



IF THAT YARN IS ON
THE LEVEL, YOU JUST
SANG GRAND OPERA,
"CANARY! FOR TWO
BUCKS, YOU MUST
HAVE AN ANGLE!

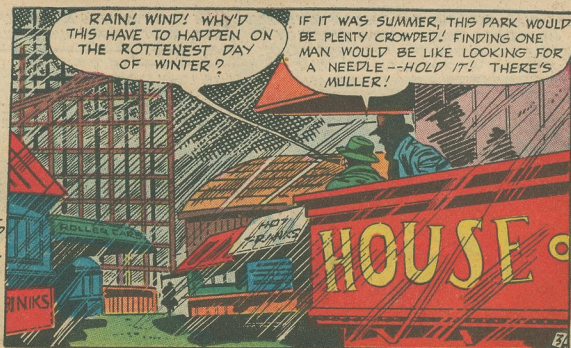
YEAH, I GOT AN ANGLE!
8500 BUCKS! THE
INSURANCE COMPANY
HAS A STANDING
REWARD FOR THE
ICE! 10%! YOU COPS
CAN'T TOUCH THAT
DOUGH! IT'S MINE...
GIVE MULLER MY
LOVE, SERGEANT!



WEDNESDAY,
2:08 P.M.
WE'D CHECKED
THE CANARY'S
STORY. IT
JIBED WITH
THE FACTS
AND WE PUT A
TAIL ON MULLER.
THE RELEASED
CON HIT TOWN
AT 2:40. HE TOOK
A SUBWAY FOR
OCEAN ISLE PARK.
WE WERE NOTIFIED
AT 3:00 P.M.
PAT AND I DROVE
OUT THERE FAST.
WE ARRIVED
AT 3:51!
WE'RE STILL
WAITING!

RAIN! WIND! WHY'D
THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN ON
THE ROTTENEST DAY
OF WINTER?

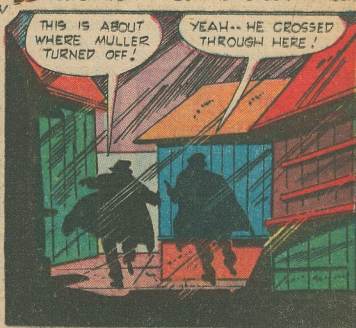
IF IT WAS SUMMER, THIS PARK WOULD
BE PLENTY CROWDED! FINDING ONE
MAN WOULD BE LIKE LOOKING FOR
A NEEDLE--HOLD IT! THERE'S
MULLER!



WE QUIT THE BALCONY OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF FUN. WE TRIED TO RUN THROUGH THE BUILDING, A MILLION LAUGHS! PAT YELLS AND THE WALLS ECHO BACK AT US...



WE LOSE FIVE MINUTES FINDING OUR WAY OUT...



TAKE A LOOK AT THAT DRY SPOT, MARK! SOMEBODY HELPED HIMSELF TO A BOAT.



4:19 WE LAUNCHED OUR BOAT AND HEADED INTO A PITCH BLACK TUNNEL...

THINK I OUGHT TO GO BACK TO THE CAR FOR A FLASHLIGHT, MARK?

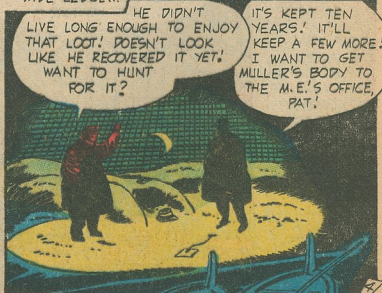
IF MULLER'S LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN THERE, HE'LL HAVE A LIGHT!



IT'S DARK... VERY DARK AND QUIET. OUR BOAT SCRAPED A WALL... THEN, A SUDDEN SHIFTING OF FEET ON DIRT AND STONE! THERE'S AN EXPLOSIVE CRACK. A GUNFLASH! MY OWN GUN IS IN ACTION. THERE'S A SCREAM-- THEN A SPLASH!



WE FISHED MULLER'S BODY OUT OF THE SHALLOW WATER. PAT LIT A MATCH AND WE CLIMBED ONTO A WIDE LEDGE...



5:30 P.M.: WE REPORT TO H.Q. BY RADIO, REQUEST TWO PATROLMEN TO BE STATIONED OUTSIDE EXIT AND ENTRANCE OF "TUNNEL OF LOVE." 6:17 WE'RE WAITING FOR A REPORT FROM THE M.E....

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF THE AUTOPSY, MARK? YOU NAILED HIM!

IT WAS TOO EASY, PAT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT! IT DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT!

THE M.E. CALLS THREE MINUTES LATER...

UH... HUH... YEAH! A THIRTY-TWO? RIGHT! THAT'S WHAT I WANT! THANKS, HENDERSON!

PAT AND I GRAB OUR HATS AND COATS. WE GO OUT INTO THE RAW, RAINY NIGHT AGAIN...

WE MAKE IT BACK TO THE "TUNNEL OF LOVE" BY 7:00 P.M. PAT TAKES ONE BOAT, I TAKE ANOTHER...

I'M BEGINNING TO FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER, MARK! BUT THERE ARE SOME PIECES MISSING!

I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY OVER TO OCEAN ISLE PARK!

TAKE IT SLOW, PAT! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN--AND SHOOT AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES!

UH-HUH!

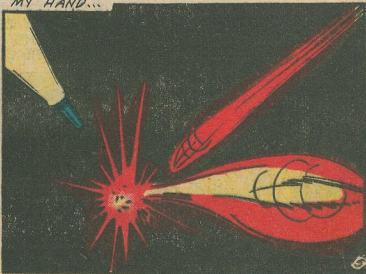
YOU OUGHT TO TRY THIS IN THE SUMMER, WITH COMPANY! REAL NICE!

I'LL TRY THAT! DON'T LET ANYONE BUT PAT, POLO OR ME GET PAST YOU, MCGUIRE!

THE TUNNEL IS DAMP AND COLD. BUT I HAVE A FLASHLIGHT THIS TIME. POLING AROUND A BEND, I SEE A MAN! I DOUSE MY LIGHT AND DRIFT CLOSE...

STAND UP AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD! COME ON--FAST!

HE WHIRLS LIKE A CAT, KICKS OVER HIS CANDLE. I THROW MY BEAM ON HIM. HE HAS A GUN ON ME. OUR SHOTS ROAR OUT AT THE SAME TIME. MINE MISSES. HIS KNOCKS THE FLASHLIGHT OUT OF MY HAND...



DROP YOUR GUN OR YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT THAT MULLER GOT!



HOLD MY FIRE AND KEEP LOW. HE HAS NO TARGET. I HEAR HIS HEAVY BREATHING IN THE DARK! ALL AT ONCE, A LIGHT BEAM CATCHES MY FRIEND ON THE LEDGE! PAT HAS ARRIVED!

I THINK THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, MISTER! WELL, WELL...

YEAH, PAT--THAT'S GUS MULLER'S PARTNER VERY MUCH ALIVE--THROUGH NO FAULT OF HIS OWN!



THAT'S RIGHT--IT WAS 'CANARY' EDWARDS, THE INFORMER... HE LOOKS AT ME WITH THAT SICK, SNEERING GRIN OF HIS. I LONG TO PUNCH IT OFF HIS FACE...

YOU CAME SINGING TO ME A LOT OF TIMES, 'CANARY.' SO, WHEN YOU SANG ABOUT MULLER I LISTENED! IT WORKED LIKE YOU SAID! WE WAITED. HE TURNED UP! SURE LOOKED LIKE YOU EARNED YOUR TWO BUCKS!

YOU STILL AIN'T SAID HOW...

YOU KNEW WHERE MULLER WAS NABBED TEN YEARS AGO! THIS AFTERNOON YOU HID NEAR THERE. HE CAME. YOU FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE TUNNEL OF LOVE--SHOT HIM! YOU WAITED FOR US, HELD MULLER'S BODY UP, FIRED BEHIND HIM! I SHOT BACK--YOU LET MULLER FALL!

HE'S CLEAN, GOT AWAY MARK! I ALMOST WITH IT, FABIAN! HOW'D I SLIP UP? HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?



YOU HID BEHIND ONE OF THE PROPS TILL WE'D GONE. THEN YOU STARTED DIGGING! WHAT GAVE YOU AWAY? THE M.E. FOUND YOUR .32 CALIBER SLUG IN MULLER! MY GUN IS A .38 POLICE SPECIAL! AND YOU, 'CANARY'... YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK!

7:43 P.M.: WE CAME FROM THE TUNNEL OF LOVE WITH THE PRISONER. HE DOESN'T FEEL MUCH LIKE SINGING...

\$85,000 WORTH OF HOT ICE! WONDER WHAT HAPPENS TO THE REWARD?

YOU'VE GOT ME, PAT! MAYBE THE INSURANCE COMPANY WILL GIVE IT TO THE P.B.A.! I DON'T KNOW--I'M TIRED... GOT A HEADACHE! LET'S GO!

9:10 P.M.: ALVIN B EDWARDS ALIAS "CANARY" EDWARDS WAS BOOKED AND TRIED FOR MURDER. HE WAS FOUND GUILTY IN THE FIRST DEGREE AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

I WAS GUS'S PARTNER! I COULDN'T LET HIM HOG ALL THAT LOOT, COULD I?



CASE CLOSED

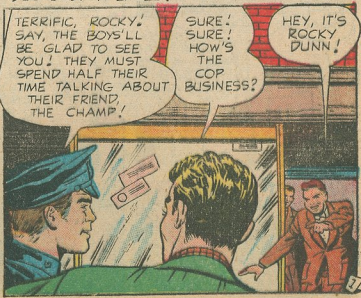
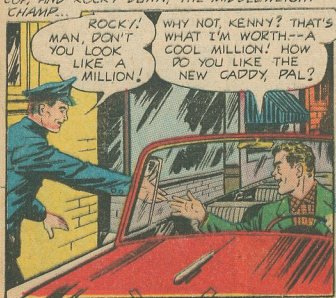
The city is a throbbing, roaring jungle of steel and stone, in whose streets are nurtured the teeming millions kept orderly by a single force: **THE LAW!!** For it is the man in blue, the **COP**, who protects the law-abiding majority from the human jackals that roam this jungle in search of prey--a man such as Kenny Cogan who stands ever ready to defend the hapless victims of... **THE FALLEN IDOL!**

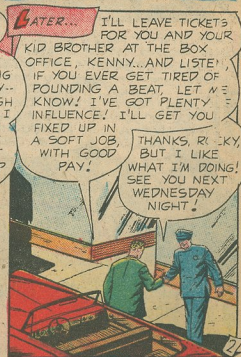
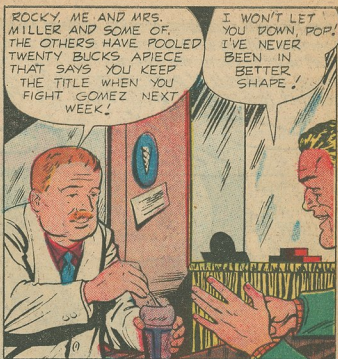
The COP



THEY GREW UP TOGETHER, SPAWNED IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD, KENNY COGAN, THE COP, AND ROCKY DUNN, THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMP...

WHO CAN BLAME A GUY WHO HAS BEAT HIS WAY TO THE TOP WITH HIS FISTS FOR PUTTING ON THE DOG JUST A LITTLE!





THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH ROCKY DUNN-- HE'S RIDING ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE, NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD! A SHORT TIME LATER...



HOW ABOUT A SHINE, CHAMP-- FOR NOTHIN'! I GOT \$5.00 ON YOU TO TAKE GOMEZ ON A KAYO BEFORE THE TENTH! THAT'LL PAY FOR A LOT OF SHINES!

THANKS, A LOT, NICK... NO TIME NOW! BUT HERE'S ANOTHER FIN YOU CAN PUT ON ME!



HELLO, MIKE! YOU SAID THIS MORNING YOU WANTED TO SEE ME! HEY! WE GOT COMPANY... BIG COMPANY!

COME IN, ROCKY-- AND LOCK THE DOOR!

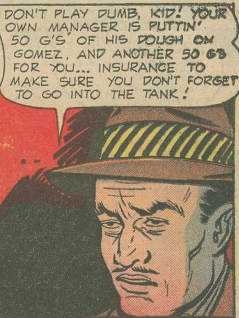


THIS IS FRANK STONE, ROCKY... HE'S FROM OUT-OF-TOWN! I'LL LET HIM DO THE TALKIN'!

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, CHAMP! SOME OF US BOYS HAVE SUNK A BIG PEECE OF CHANGE ON CHICO GOMEZ TO TAKE YOU WEDNESDAY NIGHT!



GOMEZ IS A GOOD BOY, BUT HE CAN'T TAKE ME! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!



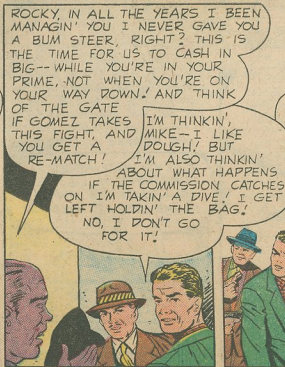
DON'T PLAY DUMB, KID! YOUR OWN MANAGER IS PUTTIN' 50 G'S OF HIS DOUGH ON GOMEZ, AND ANOTHER 50 G'S FOR YOU... INSURANCE TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET TO GO INTO THE TANK!



GET THIS STRAIGHT, YOU TINHORN! I LIKE BEIN' CHAMP! ANYBODY THAT WANTS MY CROWN'LL HAVE TO KNOCK IT OFF! NOW BEAT IT!

THIS BOY OF YOURS IS PRETTY THICK, MIKE!

ROCKY, LISTEN--!



ROCKY IN ALL THE YEARS I BEEN MANAGIN' YOU I NEVER GAVE YOU A BUM STEER, RIGHT? THIS IS THE TIME FOR US TO CASH IN BIG-- WHILE YOU'RE IN YOUR PRIME, NOT WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY DOWN! AND THINK OF THE GATE IF GOMEZ TAKES THIS FIGHT, AND YOU GET A RE-MATCH!

I'M THINKIN', MIKE-- I LIKE DOUGH! BUT I'M ALSO THINKIN'...

ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS IF THE COMMISSION CATCHES ON I'M TAKIN' A DIVE! I GET LEFT HOLDIN' THE BAG! NO, I DON'T GO FOR IT!



SHUT UP, MIKE! I'LL DO THE TALKIN'! KID, YOU CROSS ME UP AND YOU'RE FINISHED, PERMANENTLY! YOU'RE GOIN' IN THERE WITH GOMEZ, AND YOU'RE GOIN TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD TILL THE SEVENTH ROUND! THEN LAY DOWN, OR YOU'LL NEVER LOOK GOOD AGAIN!

B-BUT...

THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT, ROCKY DUNN LOOKS HIS OLD, CONFIDENT SELF...



ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY OUT NOW!

WILLIE AND I JUST DROPPED IN TO WISH YOU LUCK, CHAMP!

SURE... THANKS! SEE YOU LATER, HUH?

YOU GOT THE WHOLE SETUP STRAIGHT NOW, ROCKY? REMEMBER WHAT FRANK STONE SAID ABOUT CROSSIN' HIM...!

YEAH, I REMEMBER! THAT COP FRIEND OF MINE STICKIN' OUT HIS NECK FOR PEANUTS, AND ALL THE OTHER CHUMPS I KNOW STRUGGLIN' TO GET ALONG! WHO NEEDS THE TITLE! IT'S THE DOUGH I'M AFTER!



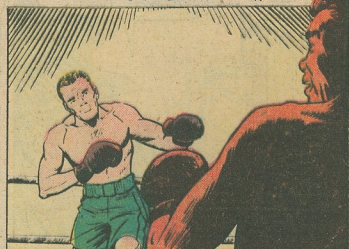
A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE THE BELL FOR THE FIRST ROUND...



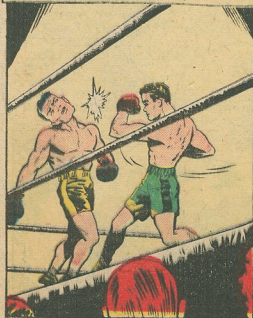
DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES, ROCKY... STONE IS OUT THERE WITH HIS BOYS!

OKAY, OKAY! DON'T KEEP HARPIN' ON IT!

THE BELL! ROCKY COMES OUT FAST, HIS FACE CONVICED WITH HATE AND FRUSTRATION. IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO THROW THE FIGHT TO A GUY LIKE GOMEZ! THE CHAMP BLOCKS A JAB AND BRINGS A CHOPPING, SLICING RIGHT ACROSS GOMEZ' MOUTH...

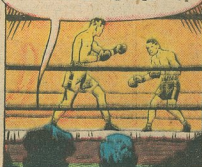


HE FOLLOWS UP WITH A SHARP LEFT HOOK, AND THE CHALLENGER IS IN TROUBLE EARLY...



SURE HE'LL THROW THE FIGHT, THERE'S ALL THAT MONEY, AND STONE WATCHING WITH THOSE DEADLY EYES. BUT HE'S GOING TO GIVE IT UP THE HARD WAY! THE CHALLENGER GETS ON HIS BICYCLE...

ROCKY'S MAD ABOUT SOMETHING, WILLIE! HE USUALLY PACES HIMSELF IN THE OPENING ROUNDS!



THE CHALLENGER STAYS CLEAR OF THE CHAMP'S FISTS FOR THE REST OF ROUND ONE! THE CROWD BUZZES WITH EXCITEMENT...



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOIN', ROCKY? YOU CHOP GOMEZ UP, AND THEY MIGHT STOP THE FIGHT!

SHUT UP, MIKE-- STONE SAID TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

THE ROUNDS ROLL BY! ROCKY DUNN IS LIKE A PANTHER... HIS FLASHING BLOWS RIPPING THE CHALLENGER! AND HIS THUNDERING PUNCHES CONTINUE TO ROCK HIS OPPONENT BACK ON HIS HEELS...



TAKE IT EASY, YOU CRUM!

BUT SOME OF THE FANS SENSE THAT ROCKY IS HOLDING BACK ON THE BIG GUN--THE WALLOP THEY KNOW HE'S GOT TO FINISH THE BATTLE! AND JUST BEFORE THE SEVENTH ROUND...



OKAY, ROCKY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR SHOW! YOU TAKE A FLOP NOW, OR YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK! YOU HEAR ME, ROCK-- A DEAD DUCK!

YEAH-- THIS IS WHERE I QUIT, MIKE-- QUIT!

WE POOLED TWENTY BUCKS APIECE, ROCKY!

I WANNA BE LIKE YOU WHEN I GROW UP!

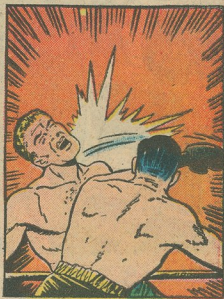
FIVE BUCKS IS A LOT OF SHINES, CHAMP!



I'LL BE OUT THERE YELLING FOR YOU, ROCKY!

I CAN'T LET 'EM DOWN... (CHOKES!) I CAN'T!

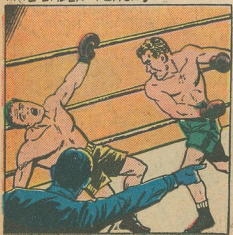
THERE'S THE BELL, AND ROCKY COMES THROUGH WITH HIS GUARD WIDE OPEN! GOMEZ STAGGERS HIM WITH A STIFF LEFT TO THE JAW...



GOMEZ FOLLOWS THROUGH WITH A HARD RIGHT THAT IS SUPPOSED TO FINISH THE FIGHT-- BUT THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENS! ROCKY BLOCKS IT AND COUNTERS WITH HIS OWN RIGHT, A DYNAMITE-LADEN PUNCH!

IT DOESN'T TAKE AN EXPERIENCED FAN TO KNOW IT'S ALL OVER FOR GOMEZ, EVEN BEFORE THE REF COUNTS HIM OUT!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE REPORTERS AND OTHER WELL-WISHERS HAVE LEFT ROCKY'S DRESSING ROOM, HE STOPS KENNY COGAN...



COME ON, BOYS! THAT DOUBLE-CROSSER'S GOT A PAYOFF COMIN' TO HIM!

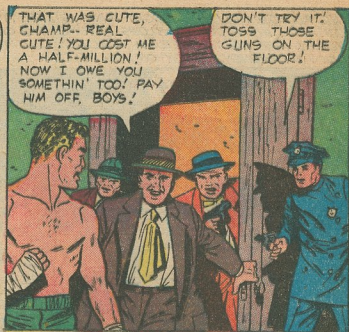
I GO ON DUTY IN A HALF HOUR, WILLIE, BUT I STILL HAVE TIME TO CONGRATULATE ROCKY!



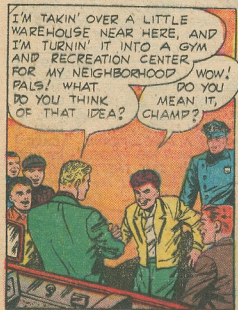
...SO I WAS GOING TO THROW THE FIGHT, KENNY, BUT I COULDN'T MAKE MYSELF DO IT! NOW MY LIFE'S NOT WORTH A DIME... FRANK STONE AND HIS TRIGGERMEN ARE OUT THERE WAITING FOR ME! AS FOR YOU, MIKE...

EASY, ROCKY! THE LAW WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM AND THOSE OTHERS!





IT'S A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER... MIKE HAROLD, FRANK STONE AND HIS GUNMEN BEHIND BARS WAITING TRIAL! AND ROCKY DUINN...



THAT'S HOW IT WAS--TWO MEN WHO GREW UP TOGETHER, SPRAWNED IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD... AND THEY PROVED FRIENDSHIP PAYS OFF!



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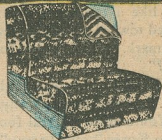
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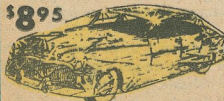
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V IS FOR VITAMINS



WHEN the factory whistle blasted twelve o'clock, I picked up my lunch box and followed Vitamins and some of the other fellows to a spot in the yard that had been warmed by the sun. We all squatted down and I watched the other boys curiously watch Vitamins Vallon, who casually opened his lunch box and deposit a couple of vitamin pills in his big, good-natured mouth. Then, he rooted out a carrot and unconcernedly began to nibble on it. He suddenly turned to me.

"How about a carrot, Joe? I got an extra one."

"Sure," I replied, and snapped at it.

As we both sat there gnawing away at the carrots like a couple of bunnies, one of the boys leaned toward me his face twisted into a big question mark. "What kind of food is that for growing men?"

"The kind that insures that you'll keep growing," I answer nonchalantly.

"You used to eat real food before you shipped off to Korea," says Larry. "Now all this vitamin stuff. Does this guy Vitamins have you bulldozed?"

I knew it was time to tell the story. So I waited until Vitamins had deposited another vitamin pill in his mouth—and then had finished his lettuce sandwich. When he stretched out for a little snooze, I waved the other boys to come in closer and began the story of my passion for vitamins which Vitamins himself was responsible for.

"Vitamins was in my company when we did our tour of duty in Korea," I began, "and this day our battalion was under heavy fire from the Reds when we began crossing the Kaingu River just south of Panmunjon."

"The North Koreans were laying down a hot line of small-arms fire. Bullets kept plopping into the water just ahead of us, raising little geysers."

"Behind me, my buddies, who were Benny Man-

del and Joey Paprika were flanking none other than Vitamins Vallon, and they were really putting their Garands to work. But we had to keep hopping around to avoid the bullets that were edging slowly toward us. Then, we stepped into that river—and boy—was it cold."

We had only gone a few feet when Joey turns to me with a wink and says that it must be plenty deep in the middle. At least over our heads. Benny yelps that the food he's carrying in his shirt will get soaked with river water. And then as if to back up Joey's prediction, we see Lou Carroll who is carrying the U. N. standard disappear momentarily. Of course Lou is a short guy—but that water sure washed over him.

"How we going to keep the stuff dry?" yelps Benny.

Vitamins turns to him with a nod and says, "You're right, Benny. Take care of your food and your food will take care of you."

"Look, Vitamins," pipes up Joey. "I don't mind hearing you gassing so much about food, but you got Benny nuts on your nutrition junk. He used to be a strictly meat and potatoes boy, but now he don't even think of fighting unless his vitamin bottle is filled."

"That's my duty, Joey," answers Vitamins as we keep wading across the river. "It's my duty to spread the gospel of the balanced, vitaminized diet. It was not for nothing that I was studying dietics before they got me for this mixed-up Korean spaghetti. Don't forget that an army fights on its stomach."

"Three cheers for you," snaps Joey. "All the Reds gotta know is that we got vitamin pills and they surrender wholesale. Then how do you account for the fact that they get along on a bowl of mushy rice once a day. They seem to be giving a good account of themselves."

"Time will tell," answers Vitamins unconcerned.

Ahead of us, we suddenly hear a cheer. We jerked our eyes to the right and left and saw the entrenched enemy break under a sudden barrage of U. N. artillery. When quiet was restored, we could see the Reds swarming up the long low rise on the further bank. We no sooner made the other side when the Sergeant comes running up to us and jerks his finger off to some hill to our left.

"You guys latch on to hill 322—that's it over there and keep your eyes on it until the attack is over. Air cover reports a guerilla nest somewhere around the slope. They'll try to get behind our lines and let us have it from the rear. Get going, Soldiers."

Vitamins began to choke on a vitamin pill he had just popped into his mouth and Joey gives him a long disgusted look. But we took off and followed Joey who wore Corporal stripes. We stopped to look at the air cover sending shrieking streams of bullets at the fleeing North Koreans.

The main body of attack streamed past us as they headed after the retreating Reds. In a little while our small group had burrowed in and we began to wait for some sign of the guerrillas.

"It's gettin' kind of lonely around here," Benny remarked. He glanced up at the hill above us which ended in a tree-crowned rise that was densely thicketed. "It'll be dark soon."

"Maybe those guerrillas left with their troops," said Joey hopefully as he peered around.

Suddenly, a rifle cracked. It tore about one inch past Vitamins helmet which he quickly lowered.

"If they're gone, the termites around here have got themselves some guns," smiled Vitamins with a big grin.

We all dropped to the ground and at a signal from Joey began to belly our way forward until we reached the nob of a rocky ledge. A burst of machine-gun fire ripped the top off the ledge and we hit bottom just in time.

"Did you see what I saw?" asked Joey breathlessly.

"Yeah—cannon emplacements!" Benny said tensely. "And facing north, too. They know our attack won't go much further north than half a mile. It's too near nightfall. They must be planning to open a sneak attack in the morning. And that'll wipe out most of the company. After that, it won't take them long to be back over the river."

"The emplacements are camouflaged," Joey said, after taking a careful peep. "Not a chance for accurate air bombardment. And we're trapped! We can't even get away from this hole to warn the company—hey, Vitamins! Where you going?"

"To get me a guerilla," Vitamins said, already inching his way down the slope. "I got an idea!"

"Come back here, you numbskull," Benny shouted, but Vitamins was already out of earshot. We watched him crawl past a few thickets until he found what he wanted. Then, raising his head carefully, he dropped his rifle and launched himself in to the air. We heard a crunching sound like a fist connecting with a guerilla's jaw. Then silence.

We kept staring into the darkness trying to

pierce the black curtain until our eyes were bulging. And before we knew it, we saw Vitamins inching his way back to us and dragging a guerilla after him.

While we all gaped down at the guerilla who was out like a light, Vitamins tossed another pill into his mouth. "Keep your eye on him. He'll be out for at least another hour. I caught him right on the button. Maybe you better tie his hands. We won't leave here until it really gets pitch-dark."

"Are you nuts?" says Joey. "How we going to get out of here when it's pitch black?"

"We'll move out of here fast," answers Vitamins.

"But that means standing up right in front of their gunsights," Benny protested.

"Don't worry, we'll get back," says Vitamins in a lordly fashion.

We ran out of arguments so we settle back to wait for midnight. Well, it was plenty dark, then. At a signal from Vitamins, we got up and pushing the guerilla in front of us, we started out. Vitamins watched the guerilla for a few seconds and then seemed to breathe easier. "We're going to make it."

The noise of our retreat down the slope awakened the dozing Red sentries and we began to hear the bark of their commands. Suddenly, a barrage of gunfire opened up. We all hit the dirt—all, except Vitamins who unconcernedly kept striding along as if he was walking down Main street.

"Get down, you dope," shouted Benny.

"What for?" Vitamins asked. "Look where they're firing." He pointed. The streams of gunfire were going every which way. "They can't see a thing." He nudged the guerilla in front of him. "I wanted him because I wanted to be sure these guerillas were as half-starved as they usually are. Look at him. He hasn't had a square meal in months. And neither have the rest of them!"

"So what?" Benny asked, puzzled.

"That means they're suffering from a lack of fresh vegetables—and consequently night blindness! he said. We all looked at the guerilla who was stumbling along blindly in the night.

Well, we made it easily enough, and in plenty of time to warn our forces of the guerilla emplacement. Once the guns opened up—blooie! That was the end of them.

When I finished my story, there was a long minute of silence while the other fellows regarded Vitamins dozing in the sun while he took intermittent bites of his carrot. And then, as if on signal, they all surrounded Vitamins looking hungrily at the carrot.

"How about saving me some?" they asked Vitamins. In his lordly fashion, he gestured toward his lunch box.

"Help yourself. There's plenty more where this came from."

I got out of there in a hurry because I didn't want them to see me doubled up with laughter. Besides, I only had one carrot—and I was saving that for myself. You never know.



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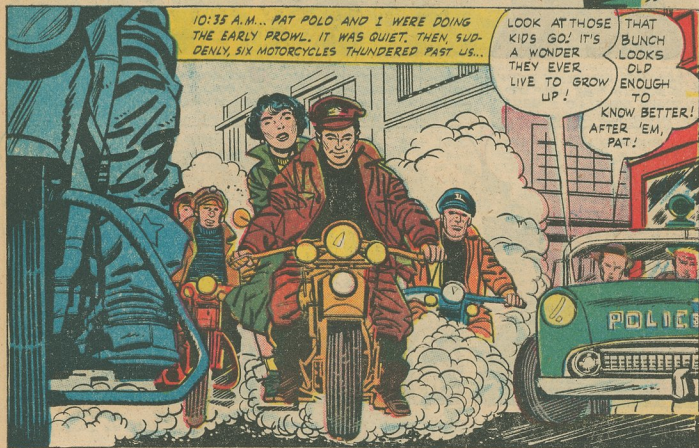
Address.....

City and Zone..... State.....



I'm Detective Sergeant Mark Fabian.
 I'm a Cop.
 Those sounds you hear?
 They're the pulse beat of the living city... the roaring of
 ten thousand motors, cars, trucks, busses!
 Yes... I love those sounds. They mean Peace people
 and Prosperity.
 But sometimes, that roaring can become an angry vicious
 snarl, especially when youth goes on a
 rampage. There's liable to be...

TROUBLE ON WHEELS!



10:35 A.M... PAT POLO AND I WERE DOING
 THE EARLY PROWL. IT WAS QUIET. THEN, SUD-
 DENLY, SIX MOTORCYCLES THUNDERED PAST US...

LOOK AT THOSE KIDS GO! IT'S
 A WONDER THEY EVER
 LIVE TO GROW
 UP!
 THAT BUNCH
 LOOKS
 OLD
 ENOUGH
 TO
 KNOW BETTER!
 AFTER 'EM,
 PAT!

I THREW
 ON THE
 SIREN AND
 STEPPED
 ON THE
 ACCELER-
 ATOR!
 THE
 WAIL
 OF THE
 SIREN
 REACHED
 THEM
 AND
 THEY
 PULLED
 OVER TO
 THE
 SIDE
 AND
 WAITED
 FOR US...

THE SPEED LIMIT
 IS POSTED ALL OVER
 THE CITY... 30 MILES
 PER HOUR... YOU
 WERE DOING
 BETTER THAN
 50!

HEY! YOU HEAR
 THAT, FELLERS?
 BETTER'N 50!
 BET IF WE'D
 TRIED REAL
 HARD WE
 COULD'VE
 MADE 60!



THERE WAS DEFIANCE ON EVERY YOUNG FACE... I
 FIGURED IT WAS A SHOW FOR THE GIRLS! THOSE
 SMART ALECKS NEEDED A SCARE...

MAYBE YOU WON'T
 BE SO SMART
 DOWNTOWN! LET'S
 SEE YOUR LICENSE,
 KID!

I LEFT IT HOME MISTER!
 WHAT D'YA WANNA KNOW...
 MY AGE? I'M TWENTY!
 NAME?... HERB SHARPE!
 HEIGHT?... FIVE-TEN...



THAT MOUTH OF YOURS IS BIG ENOUGH TO PARK A MOTOR-CYCLE IN! YOU'VE TALKED YOURSELF INTO A TRIP TO THE STATION HOUSE!

YOU GOT SOMETHIN' AGAINST MOTOR-CYCLES, MISTER?

I DROVE ONE MYSELF WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MOTOR-CYCLES! IT'S JUST SOME OF THE PEOPLE WHO RIDE 'EM!

WE HERDED THE WHOLE FLOCK OVER TO THE PRECINCT. THEY ACTED AS IF IT WAS A BIG JOKE... A JOKE ON US... HERB SHARPE WAS HAMMING IT UP...

TRY LAUGHING THIS OFF, SONNY! YOU'RE BEING BOOKED FOR RECKLESS DRIVING! YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT IN YOUR CELL!

YEAH? YOU GOT TO LET ME MAKE A PHONE CALL! I KNOW MY RIGHTS! HANG AROUND A WHILE, GANG! MY BROTHER, PAUL, WILL HAVE ME SPRUNG IN AN HOUR!

HERB MADE HIS CALL. I KNEW WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HOLD HIM LONG, SO I SENT HIS AUDIENCE AWAY...

11:53 A.M.... HERB'S BROTHER PAUL SWAGGERED IN. HE WAS ARMED WITH AN H.C. WRIT. HE DIDN'T NEED IT...

MATT RIORDAN WAS AN OLD TIMER AT THE PRECINCT, THE KIND WHO WAS THE GUTS OF THE DEPARTMENT. HE SIDLED UP TO ME...

HERB SHARPE'S YOUR LEADER, EH? ONLY PLACE HE'LL LEAD YOU IS INTO TROUBLE! GET SMART! GO HOME AND FORGET YOU KNOW HIM!

JUST SEE THAT HE TURNS UP IN COURT IN THE MORNING, SHARPE, OR HE'LL BE IN LOTS OF MORE TROUBLE!

PAUL SHARPE, THE NAME RANG A BELL BEFORE. NOW I KNOW WHY! THAT GUY WAS A TOUGH BIRD ON BROAD ST. FIVE YEARS AGO! I USED TO POUND A BEAT THERE!

THAT HERB SHARPE... HE'S NO GOOD! LIKE HIS BROTHER, MARK! I NEED YOUR HELP! THE GIRL WHO WAS WITH HERB... SHE'S MY DAUGHTER...

MARGE? WHY, LAST TIME I SAW HER SHE WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL! THEY SURE GROW UP FAST! YEAH... I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HER!

AFTER MY TOUR OF DUTY, I DROPPED IN ON MATT. HE HAD COMPANY...

OLD MATT TREMBLED WITH HELPLESS RAGE! IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO STEP IN...

YOU'VE GOT YOUR GALL COMING HERE! GET OUT! AND STAY AWAY FROM MARGIE!

ARE YOU CHOOSING MY FRIENDS FOR ME, DAD? I'M NOT A CHILD! I LIKE HERB AND I'M GOING TO KEEP ON SEEING HIM!

I TRIED TO BRING YOU UP RIGHT, MARGE! IT WASN'T EASY WITHOUT YOUR MOTHER! NOW YOU SPEND YOUR TIME WITH THIS HOODLUM TEARING AROUND ON THAT MOTORCYCLE!

YOU GOT THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT ME, MR. RIORDAN!

NO, SHARPE, HE'S GOT YOU TAGGED RIGHT!

WHIRLED HIM AROUND, BACKED HIM AGAINST A WALL...

I GOT YOU TYPED THIS MORNING! YOU'RE THE BIG SHOT WITH NOTHING BUT A BIG MOUTH! YOU DON'T LIKE COPS! SO YOU'LL SNEAK AROUND US JUST TRYING TO SEE HOW MUCH YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH! MAYBE YOU'LL MAKE IT ONCE! YOU'LL TRY SOMETHING BIGGER AND WE'LL NAIL YOU, SHARPE! WE'LL HANG IT ON YOU GOOD! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

YOU GOT ME RIGHT, SERGEANT! I DON'T LIKE COPS!



9:00 A.M.: NEXT MORNING, PAT AND I WERE AT OUR DESKS AT H.Q. CHECKING TELETYPE REPORTS. AND HERB SHARPE WAS AT THE CORNER OF MARKET AND GROVE WITH HIS GANG! I'D HEAR ABOUT THAT SOON...

YOU GIRLS STAY HERE! ME AND THE BOYS GOT BUSINESS IN THE STORE!



9:05 A.M.: THE PHONE RANG! A VOICE AT THE OTHER END WAS FRANTIC...

WHEN? FIVE MINUTES AGO? LET ME HAVE THAT AGAIN, MR. THORPE! YEAH-- I KNOW WHERE THAT IS... BE RIGHT OVER!



I SAID ONE WORD TO PAT... MOTORCYCLES! WE GRABBED OUR HATS...

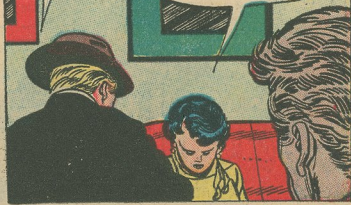
SAME BUNCH, MARK? I HOPE NOT... FOR MATT RIORDAN'S SAKE! BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING!



I MEANT IT, MARGE! HE'S GOING TO PUSH HIS LUCK UNTIL HE GETS HIMSELF--AND YOU--IN A PECK OF TROUBLE! YOU'RE NOT HIS KIND!

GIVE HIM A WIDE BERTH! PROMISE ME, MARGE!

I LIKE HERB! HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING BAD! I'LL THANK YOU TO KEEP OUT OF MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS, MR. FABIAN!



JUST A MINUTE! STOP THAT! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!

HEY, YOU HEAR THAT? THIS GUY'S GONNA CALL THE COPS!

NO KIDDIN'?! IF I WANTED TO BE MEAN, I'D MESS UP THE PLACE-- LIKE THIS!



9:12... STATE WIDE AUTO SUPPLY AT MARKET AND GROVE... SUBJECT: ROBBERY AND VANDALISM. STORE IS A SHAMBLES! PROPRIETOR FRANK THORPE, UNHURT BUT SHAKEN, FILLS IN THE DETAILS...

...THEY WALKED OUT WITH ARMLOADS OF STUFF! JUST BEFORE I CALLED! LOOK AT THE PLACE... A WEEK'S WORK CLEANING UP!

IT CHECKS, PAT! SIX BOYS! LEATHER JACKETS... LOOKS LIKE HERB SHARPE IS TRYING TO MAKE THE GRADE FAST!



THORPE'S DESCRIPTION IS TOO VAGUE.
WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME,
HANNAGAN?

I WAS A BLOCK
AWAY, TOO FAR TO SEE
THOSE SMALL LICENSE
TAGS! THORPE CAME
OUT YELLING AS THE
'CYCLES DROVE OFF!
I HOPPED A CAB
AND GAVE CHASE!
THEY ROUNDED A
CORNER AND
VANISHED!

VANISHED? WE WEREN'T
MORE THAN A
BLOCK BEHIND THEM,
BUT WHEN WE TURNED
THAT CORNER, THEY
WERE GONE! NOT
MUCH TRAFFIC THIS
EARLY! BUT NOT
A SIGN OF 'EM!
NOT A SOUND
OF THOSE
NOISY MOTORS...

9:57...WE KNEW HERB SHARPE WOULDN'T
QUIT THERE, BUT WE STILL NEEDED
PROOF TO HOOK HIM! WE CHECKED
THE DATA ON HIS BROTHER, PAUL.
HE OWNED THE BIG WEST SIDE
WAREHOUSE...



WHY BOTHER ME ABOUT HERB? HE'S
WILD, SURE, BUT NOT BAD! ANYHOW,
I'M TOO BUSY RUNNIN' THIS PLACE TO
KNOW EVERYTHING HE DOES! WHAT'S
THE BEEF AGAINST
HIM THIS TIME?

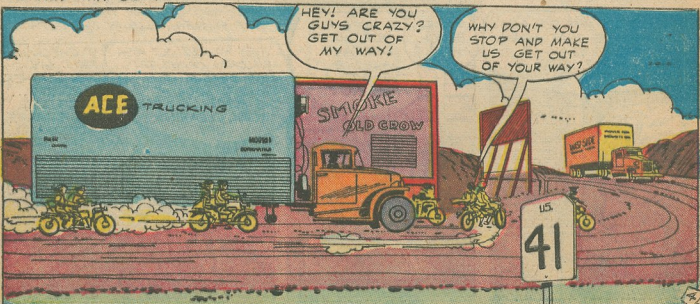
SUSPICION
OF ROBBERY!
DO YOU KNOW
WHERE HE IS
NOW?

HERB? OH, HE'S RIGHT IN THERE, GENTLEMEN! HE'S
BEEN HERE SINCE 8:30 THIS MORNIN'... HELPIN'
ME WITH THE BOOKS! YOU'D BE SURPRISED...
HE'S PRETTY GOOD AT IT!

GO BREAK
THAT ALIBI,
MARK!



10:30...WE TRIED MARGE RIORDAN. IT WAS NO GO. SHE WASN'T AT HOME... SHE WAS OUT ON
HIGHWAY 41 WITH HERB SHARPE AND HIS MOTORCYCLE HOODLUMS! BUT A LOT HAPPENED BEFORE
WE FIND THAT OUT...





MAC, WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD WALLOP! SAY... WHAT IS THIS?

A GUN, STUPID! GET THOSE PAWS UP AN' KEEP 'EM THERE!

HERB! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT GUN? WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

MARGE FOUND OUT SOON ENOUGH! IT'S GOT A NAME... HIJACKING!



THAT DOES IT, KID... WE'VE CLEANED 'IM OUT!

OKAY! YOU, MISTER! WE'RE LEAVIN' NOW! YOU KEEP THAT BLINDFOLD ON UNTIL YOU COUNT 1,000, BY ONES! TAKE IT OFF BEFORE AND MAYBE YOU'LL STOP SEEIN' FOR GOOD!

LC NO 31741392

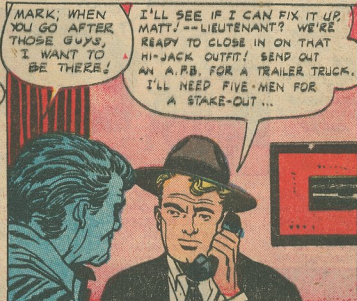
2:00 P.M. ... WE TRIED MARGE RIORDAN AGAIN... WE STRUCK PAY DIRT... SHE LOOKED DAZED BUT SHE WASN'T AFRAID! SHE TALKED PLENTY...

I DIDN'T KNOW, MR. FABIAN! HERB TOLD ME THEY PAID FOR THOSE THINGS AT THE AUTO STORE THIS MORNING. AND I BELIEVED HIM! THIS AFTERNOON I SAW FOR MYSELF!

I SPOKE TO THAT DRIVER, MARGE... HE WAS BLINDFOLDED WHEN THE MOTORCYCLES LEFT! HE HEARD THE MOTORCYCLES... SUDDENLY HE DIDN'T HEAR THEM! HE TOOK OFF THE BLINDFOLD -- THEY'D VANISHED!



MARGE EXPLAINED THAT, TOO... 2:18... I PUT IN A CALL TO LT. HOFFMAN AT HEADQUARTERS...



MARK: WHEN YOU GO AFTER THOSE GUYS, I WANT TO BE THERE!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIX IT UP, MATT! -- LIEUTENANT? WE'RE READY TO CLOSE IN ON THAT HI-JACK OUTFIT! SEND OUT AN A.P.B. FOR A TRAILER TRUCK. I'LL NEED FIVE MEN FOR A STAKE-OUT...

2:46 P.M. WE RAN THE STAKEOUT IN SHIFTS, TWO HOURS ON, TWO OFF. PAT AND I WERE STILL WAITING AT 8:30 P.M. THE WAREHOUSE STREET WAS QUIET.

WE WAITED FOR THE RAP...

WE'RE A HALF MILE FROM THE WAREHOUSE! YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT FROM THERE, SERGEANT FABIAN!

TIME... NINE FIVE, PAT!

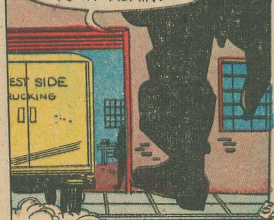
LET'S GO, MARK!

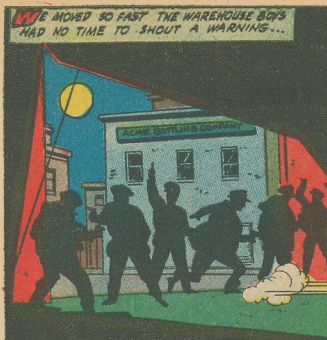
CAR SEVENTY-SIX... SEVEN, SIX... PICKED UP TRAILER COMING FROM 41. NO SIGN OF MOTORCYCLES! AM FOLLOWING! THEY MUST HAVE HIDDEN OUT TILL DARK TO KEEP FROM BEING SPOTTED!



9:17... WE STAYED UNDER COVER. THE TRAILER TRUCK HAD ARRIVED. THE DRIVER HONKED A SIGNAL AND THE OVERHEAD DOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE GARAGE PULLED UP...

GET IN THERE BEFORE THEY PULL THAT DOOR DOWN AGAIN!





PAT AND I PULLED THE GARAGE DOOR DOWN AND WE WAITED IN THE SHADOWS. THE BIG TRUCK SNORTED AND CHOKED AND THE MOTOR DIED. THE DRIVERS GOT OUT AND HEADED FOR THE BACK OF THE TRAILER.



THEN IT HAPPENED, JUST THE WAY MARGE RIORDAN SAID... WE HAD THE ANSWER TO THE VANISHING MOTORCYCLE RIDDLE!



HERB WAS SCARED... HIS VOICE QUIVERED. BUT HE STILL PLAYED TO THE GRANDSTAND...

PAUL SHARPE TORE OUT OF HIS OFFICE LIKE A WILDCAT. HIS GUN BLAZED, SO DID MINE! I WON THE DUEL...

GO AHEAD AND PROVE SOMETHING ON ME, FABIAN! I'LL COME OUT OF THIS RAP CLEAN!

A REAL JOKER! ARMED ASSAULT ON OFFICERS OF THE LAW! RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS! COME OUT CLEAN? YOU WON'T GET OUT OF THE PEN FOR TWENTY YEARS!

NO CHARGE WAS MADE AGAINST MARGE RIORDAN AND THE OTHER GIRLS INVOLVED. THEY WERE INNOCENT DUPES. FIVE SCARED BOYS TOOK A GUILTY PLEA. THEY VOLUNTARILY SOLD THEIR CYCLES TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE THEY DID AT STATE WIDE AUTO...

I'M REMANDING YOU YOUNG MEN TO THE CUSTODY OF YOUR PARENTS! I THINK YOU'RE WISER FOR YOUR EXPERIENCE! YOU'D BETTER BE FOR YOUR OWN SAKES!

HERB SHARPE CAME OUT OF THE HOSPITAL THREE MONTHS LATER TO FACE TRIAL. HE JOINED HIS BROTHER AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY FOR A FIVE YEAR TERM!



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FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND



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THESE
HARD HITTING
PARTNERS
for
**MORE READING
PLEASURE !!**

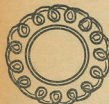
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